

## Face the Fact That You Love Them by disneyandthefamilybusiness

**Series:** Caught in my Stoncy Feels [1]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Bisexual Steve Harrington, Dingus (affectionate), Matchmaker Robin Buckley, Other, POV Robin Buckley, Pre-Relationship, Rated teen for language, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington Friendship, Steve Harrington-centric, hopefully a prequel for a more explicit fic but we will see, mostly canon compliant but Hopper isnt presumed dead, post-season 3, robin can see stoncy from a mile a way, steve harrington is an idiot, stoncy

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Robin sees the way that Steve, Jonathan, and Nancy act around each other at the video store and she knows that it's definitely more than friendship. She just needs to help Steve see that too.

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"Robin may have been a part of all that Starcourt craziness, but she knew that she was on the fringes of the group. She supposed that when you've saved the world together more than once that creates a bond that makes it harder for outsiders to join. But she was content with being acquaintances with Jonathan and Nancy as long as she had Dingus around to make fun of every once and a while.

Besides, there was something deeper going on between Jonathan, Nancy, and Steve. Something that went beyond friendship and the awkward ex-boyfriend high school drama. If Robin could just come right out and say it, she'd tell them to cut the crap and just sleep with each other already."

## Face the Fact That You Love Them

Robin leaned against the counter of the *Family Video* and glanced at the clock above the door. It was 9:45 p.m.—fifteen minutes until closing. The store was uncharacteristically empty for a Friday night and Robin had spent the last hour focusing on her Russian language book. If Steve was to be believed (which he usually wasn't but this was a special case) some strange apocalyptic shit seemed to happen once a year in this town. And after the whole Starcourt debacle she had taken to learning Russian as a way to cope with everything that had happened. She knew that with Hawkins' track record it might come in handy if they had to save the world again one day.

She glanced over at Steve who seemed to be using his free time to doodle on some spare receipt paper. Which while not as productive, was still a valid way to pass a mind-numbing shift like this.

"Hey, Robin," Steve said, "what's the Russian word for basketball?"

"I don't know, Dingus," Robin said. "I'm still trying to get a hang on the grammar structure of simple sentences over here."

"Do you think the Russians even have basketball?" Steve said. "Or do you think it's illegal to even have fun over there?"

"I'm not sure," Robin said. She tossed him her English-to-Russian dictionary. "But I'm sure you can figure it out."

Steve caught the book mid-air and started to flip through it. But his search was interrupted by the sound of the door opening.

"Jonathan!" Steve said. A dopey grin was plastered to his face and the dictionary was already long forgotten.

Jonathan looked a bit startled by how loud Steve had said his name, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Hey, Steve," Jonathan said. "I need your help. Me and Nancy are having a movie night and I have no idea what to get."

"You'd have more luck asking a brick wall to help you pick out a

movie than Steve. It'd have roughly the same taste," Robin said.

"Hey, Robin," Jonathan said.

He gave her a brief wave before focusing back on Steve. Robin may have been a part of all that Starcourt craziness, but she knew that she was on the fringes of the group. She supposed that when you've saved the world together more than once that creates a bond that makes it harder for outsiders to join. But she was content with being acquaintances with Jonathan and Nancy as long as she had Dingus around to make fun of every once and a while.

Besides, there was something deeper going on between Jonathan, Nancy, and Steve. Something that went beyond friendship and the awkward ex-boyfriend high school drama. If Robin could just come right out and say it, she'd tell them to cut the crap and just sleep with each other already.

"Ignore her," Steve said, "she's just cranky because learning Russian has proven to be more difficult than she planned."

"*Zatk`nis mu'dak*," Robin said.

"And what does that mean?" Jonathan asked.

"It means, *shut up, asshole*," Steve said. "She tells me that like twenty times a day."

"In Russian and English?" Jonathan said.

"And sometimes in French," Robin said.

"Which is a bit overkill," Steve said. "I get it. Everyone thinks I'm an asshole."

"Well, I don't think you're an asshole," Jonathan said softly.

The two smiled at each other.

Robin noticed how Steve's cheeks started to tint pink. God, Steve must have a low bar for compliments because that seemed like the bare minimum. But it was sweet, nonetheless, Robin supposed.

“So, with Nancy, it’s all about being prepared,” Steve said. “So, your backup movies are going to need backups, but I can help you out. C’mon, let’s get started.” He motioned for Jonathan to follow him back to the comedy section.

Robin tried not to eavesdrop on their conversation, but she heard their laughs emanating from down the aisles as she stocked the candy display for tomorrow’s openers. By the time she was done, they were still talking, and the clock read 10:15.

Finally, she heard Steve say, “I’ll check you out.”

Like you haven’t been already, Robin thought.

The two men made their way out from the aisles. Jonathan with five tapes in his arms and looking a bit nervous. Steve beamed at Jonathan like he had just heard the world’s greatest news and it was a secret that only the two of them shared. Steve joined Robin behind the counter and started ringing up the tapes.

“So,” Jonathan said, “me and Nance were wondering, I mean if you’re not busy or anything, if you wanted to join us for movie night tonight.”

Steve stopped ringing up Jonathan’s tapes.

Robin raised her eyebrows.

“My mom is going out on a date with Hop, and Will is spending the night at Mike’s,” Jonathan said. “So, we’d have the house all to ourselves and we’d love it if you could stop by.”

I swear to God if Dingus doesn’t go, I’m going to wring his neck, Robin thought.

Steve cleared his throat and Robin could see the pinkish tint return to his cheeks.

“I’m sorry man,” Steve said. He started hastily shoving the rest of Jonathan’s tapes into the bag. “I’ve got to go home and help my mom with something tonight.”

Liar, Robin thought. She knew for a fact that his parents were away on one of their ever-increasing business trips.

Steve glanced at Robin and pleaded with his eyes for her to not say anything.

She smiled in return. She wasn't going to call him out for this, at least, not in front of Jonathan.

"That'll be \$15.50," Steve said.

Jonathan handed Steve a crumpled up twenty.

"But, maybe next time," Steve said as he handed Jonathan his receipt and change.

Robin noticed how Steve's fingers lingered against Jonathan's as he dropped the coins into Jonathan's hand.

"Yeah," Jonathan said. "Next time."

Steve offered Jonathan his bag from across the counter.

"Let me walk you out," Steve said. "I've got to start to close up anyway."

Jonathan took the bag of tapes from Steve. This time it was Jonathan's hand that lingered.

"Okay," Jonathan said.

Steve walked around the counter and looked at Jonathan's spare hand like he wanted to grab it, but he didn't. Instead, he hurried past Jonathan and held the door open for him. The two men looked at each other like they wanted to say something else but they didn't know how. Robin watched the moment pass between them before Jonathan tripped over the doorframe. Steve caught him and helped to steady him.

"Goodnight," Jonathan said. He glanced at Steve's hand that was still on his shoulder and then looked back at Steve expectantly.

"Yeah, goodnight, *buddy*," Steve faltered.

Robin rolled her eyes at the two of them.

"Goodnight, Jonathan," she said.

The two boys looked back at Robin like they had forgotten that she was still there. Jonathan nodded at her before turning out the door and leaving. Robin watched Steve's eyes trail to Jonathan's ass before he closed the door and flipped the sign from open to close.

"So, what was that all about?" Robin said. She hopped up on the counter and lazily swung her feet in the air.

"What was what about?" Steve said. He joined her behind the counter and leaned against the register.

"You know," she said, "that thing you just had with Jonathan."

"I do not have a *thing* with Byers, okay?"

"Well, he invited you over for a movie night."

"Yeah, one with him and his girlfriend. Ergo not a *thing*."

"Well, even if you don't have a *thing* with him, why didn't you just go to hang out?" she said. "We both know you don't have any plans tonight."

"I definitely have plans tonight."

"Sure, Dingus," Robin said.

"I most certainly do have plans," Steve said. "Besides, I wouldn't want to make things awkward with, you know, him and Nancy."

Robin had seen the way that Steve looked at Nancy whenever she came in. The furtive glances he stole when he thought Nancy wasn't looking. She had also seen the way Nancy would smile whenever Steve was looking at her and the secret glances she stole back from him.

God, these idiots were hopeless. Robin could tell that the three all had feelings for each other. It was obvious to anyone with eyes. Except, of course, to their eyes apparently. Robin knew what she had to do. She had to nudge Steve in the right direction.

“When the Russians gave us that truth serum you said you didn’t love her anymore,” Robin said. “Was that a lie?”

“I thought at the time I was over her,” Steve admitted. “But seeing her almost get run over by Billy brought all those feelings rushing back. I think about her all the time. About how she’s not that girl I knew in high school and how she’s got herself all figured out. And how I would still do anything for her even if it meant risking my life just to see her smile at me one more time like she did when we were in love. I can’t seem to let her go.”

Steve sighed and combed his hand through his hair. “What if I’m in love with Nancy Wheeler for the rest of my life?”

“I don’t think it’s just Nancy,” Robin said.

“Of course it’s just Nancy,” Steve said. “Who else is there? You?” He rolled his eyes at the thought.

“Not me, *Dingus*,” Robin said. “Jonathan, obviously.”

Steve’s eyes went wide, and Robin knew she was right.

“Yeah right,” Steve scoffed. “I am not in *love* with Jonathan Byers.”

“Really?” Robin said. “Because you could have fooled me.”

“Robin, you’re delusional.”

“Well, let’s see,” Robin said. “Every time he comes in here you two flirt—if you can call the conversation that just unfolded flirting—which it definitely was for you at least. You get red in the face every time he compliments you. Your eyes always drift to his lips whenever he’s talking. Oh, and you check him out constantly!”

“That’s ridiculous I—”

“When Jonathan left you were checking out his ass.”

“I was not—”

“Steve, I saw you with my own eyes so don’t even try to bullshit me right now.”

Steve muttered something under his breath and Robin chose to ignore it.

“Look, Dingus, I know you. I know the way you look at Nancy with those mopey eyes and shit. I know how when she comes to the register you stumble your way through a stilted conversation like you’re afraid that if you say anything else to her all of your feelings will come rushing out. And I know you give Jonathan that same mopey look too. But with him you push the limits—you flirt back. You check him out. And when you give him his change you let your fingers linger for a second too long every time.”

Robin watched as Steve’s eyes darted around the store: from the register, to the tapes, to the door, before he finally settled on looking at the ceiling.

She continued. “I think you do it because you’ve never been in a relationship with him so you can push those feelings down and pretend that you’re being friendly after everything that’s happened between the three of you. When in actuality, you want to jump his bones and Nancy’s too, but you’re too afraid of rejection and think it’ll ruin the new tentative friendships you have with the both of them. Now am I right, or what?”

“What are you?” Steve asked. “My psychoanalyst?”

“No, Steve. I’m just perceptive.”

“Whatever, Robin. Let’s just close and get out of here.”

“Harrington, just face the fact that you love them. You love *both* of them.”

Silence didn’t so much fall between them but crash around them and swallow them whole. Robin stared Steve down. She wasn’t going to

let him get out of this conversation.

“Even if I *did* love them both—and that’s not me admitting to anything—that’s not how things work here in Hawkins,” Steve said. “People around here don’t just date two people at the same time. Especially not two, you know, two guys.”

“I didn’t know you had a problem with gay people, Steve,” Robin teased.

“I don’t. It’s just different—”

“When it’s yourself and not someone else?” Robin suggested.

“Yeah,” Steve said. “And besides, people would talk.”

“Screw other people,” Robin said. “We did not escape a secret underground Russian base and save the world from a fleshy zombie monster from another dimension for you to be afraid of some small-town gossip. Let them talk whatever shit they want. Only you can decide who you love and how you should love them. Now tell me the truth. Do you love them?”

Steve locked eyes with Robin and she saw the fragile façade of indifference he had built fall from his face.

“You know I do,” he said.

“So, what are you going to do about it, Dingus?”

“Well, I can’t just come right out and tell them, can I?” Steve said. “I don’t want to scare them off and I don’t know if they would even be interested in...whatever we would be.”

Robin sighed; this man was oblivious.

“Dingus, you really are a dingus sometimes, you know that?” Robin said.

“I think it’s a pretty valid concern to have,” Steve said. “Have *you* ever told your ex that you still love her? Oh, and that you’re also in love with her current boyfriend and that you want to date them

both? Cause I don't think this is really a situation that can end all that well for me."

"Dude, Jonathan invited you over to his house tonight to hang out with them. He literally said that they'd have the house to themselves and that 'we'd love for you to stop by.' If that's not the most thinly veiled invitation to a threesome then I don't know what is," Robin said.

Steve's eyes widened at the word *threesome* and Robin laughed.

"I mean you don't have to tell them tonight," Robin said, "but I think you should at least go hang out with them. What else were you planning on doing anyway? Smoking a joint and jerking off in that empty house of yours?"

"I bet your plans weren't all that different," Steve said.

"Touché," Robin said. "But I still think you should go hang out with them. And if you feel like things are going good, and you think that you should tell them, then you should. And then if anything happens —"

"Then it happens."

"Exactly."

Robin got up from her perch on the counter and all but shoved the phone in front of Steve. "Now call them before you lose your chance," she said.

She watched as he tapped his foot anxiously while he carefully punched in the Byers' number.

"Hello," Steve said.

The person on the other end responded.

"Hey, Nance," Steve said into the receiver.

Robin couldn't hear Nancy over the phone, but she observed how Steve relaxed just by hearing her voice. He laughed at something she

said, and his face turned red.

“No, nothing like that,” he said.

Robin motioned with her hands for Steve to get to the point. He nodded and turned away from her.

“So, when Byers was here, he asked me if I wanted to come to your guys’ movie night and I turned him down. But I was wondering if that offer was still on the table?” Steve said.

Robin watched him twirl the cord around his finger in anticipation.

“Yeah?” he said.

He turned around to nod at Robin with the dopiest smile she had ever seen in her life, but she couldn’t help but return that smile back to him.

“Okay, just let Jonathan know I’ll be there. Me and Robin have got to finish closing first, but I’ll be on my way in like fifteen minutes.”

Robin heard a distorted laugh crackle through the speakers and then Nancy said something else.

“All right,” Steve said, “see you then.” He hung up the phone and turned to face Robin.

“Yes!” Robin said. She held up her hands for a double high-five which Steve enthusiastically obliged, leaving her palms stinging for the next couple of minutes.

By the time they had finished vacuuming, counting the register, and putting back the last of the returned tapes, Robin could tell that Steve was itching to leave.

“I can’t believe I’m about to do this,” he said as he made sure the front door was locked.

“I expect to hear all about it on our Monday shift,” Robin said.

“If anything happens,” Steve said, “you’ll be the first—and only—one

to know anything about it. Deal?”

Robin nodded.

They exited through the back entrance, locked it behind them, and headed to their respective cars.

“Make sure you bring some condoms,” Robin yelled at Steve from across the parking lot. “Between the three of you, I’m sure you’ll need them.”

Steve flipped her off before getting into his car and peeling out onto Main Street.

Robin laughed and watched as his car disappeared from sight.

“Go get ’em, Dingus.”

#### **Author's Note:**

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed!

I just rewatched all of Stranger Things and tore through most of the Stoncy fic on this site so now I have to create my own content. I think this might just be the first piece in a series and the next one will be a bit more explicit, but we'll see what happens.

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